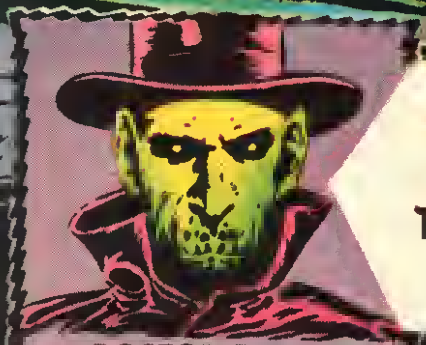
this magazine is HAUNTED

APR. NO. 4
10¢



DOCTOR DEATH

ONLY YOU OF STRONG NERVES AND FEARLESS HEART WILL DARE READ THE STORY:

THE BLIND, THE DOOMED, AND THE DEAD!

ATWTCEF

can you unscramble these letters to find the name of the famous company that publishes the thrilling action comic magazines displayed below! *(ANSWER AT BOTTOM OF THE PAGE)*

10¢ WATCH FOR EACH ISSUE UPON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED • Executive Editor WILL LIEBERSON • Editor ROY ALD • Art Editor AL JETTER

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CLOSE FRIENDSHIP IS OFTEN LIKE A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER. FOR AS LONG AS IT LASTS, IT IS A GOOD THING TO SEE. BUT AS THE FLOWER WITHERS AND DIES, SO, TOO, DOES THE FRIENDSHIP DIE.

IN THAT SMALL INSTANT BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, MACK WILSON SMOTHERED THE PAIN WHICH TORE AT HIM. HE [illegible] THAT REMAINED TO HIM, FIGHTING OFF THE DEATH RATTLE SO THAT HE MIGHT HURL A CURSE AT JUSTIN WESTRUM.

AS MACK'S BODY SLIPPED BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE LAKE, JUSTIN WESTRUM GOT THE FIRST OF MANY SHOCKS THAT WERE TO BE HIS. FOR IT SEEMED TO JUSTIN THAT THE WHIRLPOOL FORMED HAD TAKEN UNTO ITSELF A CONFIGURATION THAT WAS AWESOME IN ITS DETAIL!
NO, MACK! STOP IT! TAKE YOUR EYE WITH YOU... INTO DEATH! DON'T LEAVE IT BEHIND TO TORTURE ME!
JUST MY NERVES, THAT'S ALL. GOTTA GET BACK TO THE CABIN! THAT'S ALL I NEED. AND I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME! YOU'RE NOT EYES! YOU'RE FIREFLIES! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME THIS WAY, MACK! I'M TOO SMART! I'M ALIVE! ALIVE! AND YOU'RE DEAD!
I'M A FOOL! MY MIND IS PLAYING TRICKS ON ME! I'M LETTING MY IMAGINATION GET THE BEST OF... AGH! THAT LIGHT BULB'S HOT ENOUGH TO BURN!
BUT...AS THE LIGHT BULB SWUNG AWAY ON ITS CORD, IT DANGLED LIKE AN..YES...AN EYE!
MACK! LET ME BE, WILL YOU? STOP WATCHING ME! TAKE YOUR EYE FROM ME! MACK--WHAT'S DONE IS DONE. STOP IT-- PLEASE...
JUSTIN SMASHED THE LIGHT BULB INTO SHREDS OF GLASS! PLUNGED INTO COMPLETE DARKNESS, HE COWERED IN A CORNER OF THE CABIN FOR THE REST OF THE LONG NIGHT OF TERROR. THEN.....
M'SIEU WESTRUM! YOU WAKE UP, IF YOU PLEASE! M'SIEU WESTRUM! EET EES BAD!
AH? GO WAY, MACK! LEMME ALONE...OAAHHH ...MACK... STOP!
OH! JACQUES! FOR A MINUTE, I THOUGHT... THAT IS..FORGET IT!
M'SIEU WESTRUM. EET EES VER' BAD! I HAVE FIND M'SIEU WILSON'S BODY OOWN AT THE LAKE! HE EES DEAD!

THE EXCITED GUIDE TOOK JUSTIN WESTRUM DOWN TO THE LAKE TO SHOW HIM WHERE HE HAD FOUND MACK WILSON'S BODY. THE BOAT COULD BE SEEN FLOATING OUT ON THE LAKE. IT WAS A PEACEFUL SCENE.
MACK WILSON AND I STAYED UP LATE LAST NIGHT ON A DRINKING BOUT! HE GOT THE CRAZY NOTION TO GO OUT FISHING! HE MUST HAVE FALLEN OVERBOARD!
THAT EYE BOTHERS ME! IT DOESN'T LOOK RIGHT, BEING OPEN LIKE THAT! ALMOST AS IF MACK WAS WATCHING ME! SEE IF YOU CAN CLOSE IT, JACQUES!
BUT THERE WAS TO BE NO CLOSING OF THAT CONSTANT EYE OF MACK WILSON'S! LATER, AT THE FUNERAL PARLOR...
THIS IS THE ROOM, MR. WESTRUM! WE TRIED, PLEASE BELIEVE ME, TO GIVE HIS FACE A PEACEFUL LOOK, BUT WE HAD ONE DIFFICULTY...
YES. YES, I KNOW.
THAT CURSED EYE! TRYING TO TEAR ITS WAY OUT OF THE SOCKET! KEEPING AN EYE ON... THINGS... HE SAID! MACK WILSON'S NOT THE KIND THAT GIVES UP EASILY!
LATER, AT THE FUNERAL FOR WHICH JUSTIN WAS A PALL BEARER, THERE WAS NO RELIEF FOR THE KILLER. WHEN THE OTHERS HAD LEFT, JUSTIN HUNG BEHIND UNEASILY. A BOUQUET OF ROSES HAD BEEN TOSSED ON THE FRESH GRAVE BY SOME FRIEND.
IS IT MY IMAGINATION? THOSE FLOWERS... THE WIND SHAKING THEM!
I AM MAD! I CAN DENY IT NO LONGER! FOR I THINK I SEE A FULL BLOWN EYE ON A STEM, WAVING AT ME, WATCHING ME!

JUSTIN WESTRUM HAD NO PEACE IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED. THE CONSTANT EYE WAS EVERYWHERE. A HARD-BOILED EGG IN HIS HAND BECAME A FLUID, TWISTING EYE. A CAKE OF SOAP BECAME A WET EYEBALL THAT SQUIRTED OUT OF HIS HAND. AND ONE NIGHT...

AT LEAST I'VE GOT THIS PLEASURE LEFT. WHEN I LOCK THE DOOR, THAT IS! I CAN READ A BOOK. AND I CAN EAT. AND MACK WILSON CAN'T GET AT ME!

ARGGHH... AN EYEBALL!

AWAY! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT! STAY AWAY. AND LEAVE ME BE! HAVEN'T I BEEN WATCHED ENOUGH?

JUSTIN WESTRUM COULD TAKE IT NO LONGER. HE WENT OUT TO THE CEMETERY ONE NIGHT AND STOOD TREMBLING BEFORE MACK'S GRAVE.

MACK, I'M PLEADING WITH YOU! YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE ME A BREAK! WHAT'S DONE IS DONE! TURN OFF THE EYE, MACK! TAKE IT BACK INTO THE GRAVE WITH YOU!

UH--HELLO, JUSTIN! IT'S GOOD TO SEE THAT YOU'VE COME BACK TO SIT A WHILE WITH YOUR OLD FRIEND!

THAT VOICE... MACK'S VOICE... NO!

MACK... ONE OF YOUR EYEBALLS IS GONE!

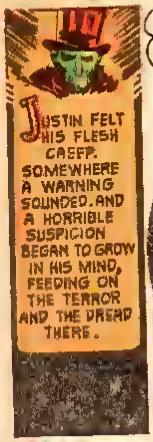
NATURALLY, JUSTIN! IT HAS BEEN WATCHING YOU CONSTANTLY!

THE EMPTY SOCKET IN MACK WILSON'S HEAD WAS A CIRCLE OF TEMPTATION FOR JUSTIN. IT DREW HIM LIKE A MAGNET. HE SUFFERED A BURNING DESIRE TO PEER WITHIN ITS DARKNESS, TO PENETRATE ITS MYSTERY! AND SUDDENLY THE SPELL WAS BROKEN, AND TERROR STRUCK!

YOU WON'T GET ME! YOU WON'T! YOU WON'T!

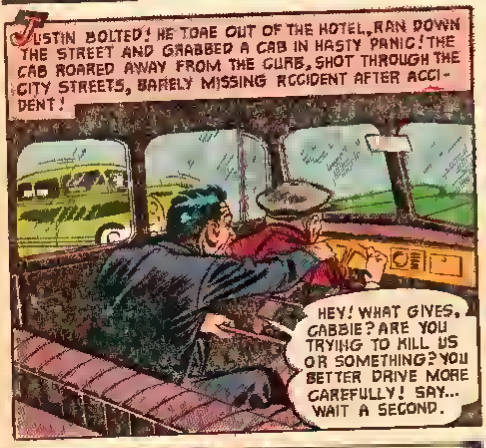
JUSTIN RAN BLINDLY THROUGH THE CEMETERY, HIS FEET SINKING INTO THE SPONGY EARTH OVER THE GRAVES. HIS BREATH CAME IN HOARSE GASPS LIKE A DEATH RATTLE AND HIS LUNGS ACHED WITH PAIN. FINALLY, EXHAUSTED, HE SANK TO THE GROUND.
I'VE BEEN DYING FOR A SMOKE, JUSTIN! THAT IS...IF A DEAD MAN CAN DIE FOR ANYTHING! LET ME HAVE A CIGARETTE!
MY... PUFF... RIGHT POCKET!
YOUR HEART MUST HAVE BEEN STRAINED SOMEWHAT BY THAT LITTLE RUN, JUSTIN. YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT, JUSTIN, BUT I FOUGHT MY WAY BACK FROM THE WORLD OF THE DEAD JUST TO BE AT YOUR SIDE!
AND DO YOU KNOW WHY, JUSTIN? BECAUSE I'M DETERMINED TO SEE THAT YOU KEEP THE TOAST YOU MADE THE NIGHT YOU POISONED ME--THAT WE NEVER PART IN LIFE OR DEATH! THAT WE BE ONE EVEN BEYOND THE GRAVE!
JUSTIN SHUDDERED AS IF EACH OF MACK WILSON'S WORDS WAS A KNIFE CUTTING INTO HIS FLESH... A KNIFE THAT HAD BEEN DIPPED INTO THE MOIST GALL OF DEATH!
I WAS ABLE TO GET MY WHOLE BODY ACROSS THE DIVIDING LINE WHEN I PROMISED TO DELIVER YOU TO THE WORLD OF THE DEAD, JUSTIN!
FAIR WARNING, JUSTIN! MAINTAIN ETERNAL VIGILANCE! FOR THE MOMENT THAT YOU WEAKEN, I'M GOING TO DRAG YOU ACROSS THE BOUNDRAY LINE INTO THE WORLD OF THE DEAD!
NOW IT'S MY TURN! I'LL BE YOUR CONSTANT COMPANION INSTEAD OF MY EYE! I'LL GET MY REVENGE!

JUSTIN WESTRUM STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET AND LASHED OUT AT HIS DECAYING TORMENTOR! THEN... SCREAMING IN TERROR... HE RAN FROM THE CEMETERY. ONCE IN HIS APARTMENT, HE BOLTED THE DOORS AND CLOSETED HIMSELF DEEP WITHIN ITS CONFINES.
I'VE GOT YOU LICKED NOW, MACK! YOU CAN'T GET AT ME IN HERE! I'LL BEAT YOU AT LAST! I'LL HOLE OUT HERE UNTIL YOUR WORLD FREEZES OVER!
I ALWAYS HAD IT OVER YOU, MACK! I WAS THE BRAINS OF THE OUT--THE EYES! THEY'VE FOLLOWED ME EVEN HERE! THERE IS NO STOPPING HIM THEN!
JUSTIN WAS PARALYZED WITH FEAR. FOR, AS HE STOOD THERE, A SECTION OF THE WALL PAPER BEGAN TO BULGE OUT, AND THERE WAS A RIPPING SOUND AS IF AN IMPAISONED BEING WAS TRYING TO ESCAPE!
MAKE READY WITH YOUR FAMOUS HOSPITALITY, JUSTIN! I'VE COME TO JOIN YOU FOR A QUIET EVENING!
YOU--EVEN HERE! I--I'LL TAKE A ROOM AT A HOTEL!
JUSTIN CHECKED IN AT A HOTEL AND DID NOT STIR FROM HIS ROOM FOR A WEEK. FINALLY, NO LONGER ABLE TO STAND HIS SELF-IMPOSED PRISON, NEEDING A CHANGE DESPERATELY, JUSTIN SNEAKED OUT INTO THE HALL.
MACK! DON'T TOY WITH ME ANY LONGER! TAKE ME! ONLY GIVE ME SOME PEACE... LET ME REST!
EH? WHAT'S THAT? YOU KIDDING ME, FELLA? HEY! THAT'S PRETTY GOOD! YOU WERE FOOLED BY MY COSTUME, WEREN'T YOU?
YOU GOTTA COME WITH ME NOW. WE GOT A MASQUERADE PARTY COOKING THAT'S A WOW! AND YOU'RE A NATURAL FOR IT, EVEN IF YOU'RE NOT DOWN HERE FOR THE CONVENTION OF UMBRELLA SALESMEN!
FATE CHOSE TO EXERCISE ITS GRISLY SENSE OF HUMOR. THE PRESSURE ONLY SEEMED TO BE TAKEN OFF, BUT THE SCREWS WERE TURNED TIGHT ON JUSTIN WHEN HE MET A PRETTY GIRL AT THE MASQUERADE PARTY.
I THINK WE'LL FIND IT COOLER OUT HERE ON THE TERRACE... AND WE CAN BE ALONE!
I WAS IN LUCK TO MEET YOU. YOU TAKE MY MIND OFF OTHER THINGS!
OVER HERE, WHERE WE CAN GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE CITY!
SAY, IT'S A LITTLE DANGEROUS GOING SO CLOSE TO THE EDGE. WE'D BETTER BE CAREFUL!

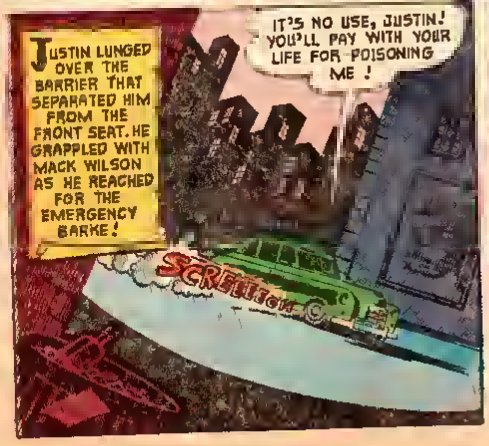

JUSTIN FELT HIS FLESH CREEP. SOMEWHERE A WARNING SOUNDED. AND A HORRIBLE SUSPICION BEGAN TO GROW IN HIS MIND, FEEDING ON THE TERROR AND THE DREAD THERE.

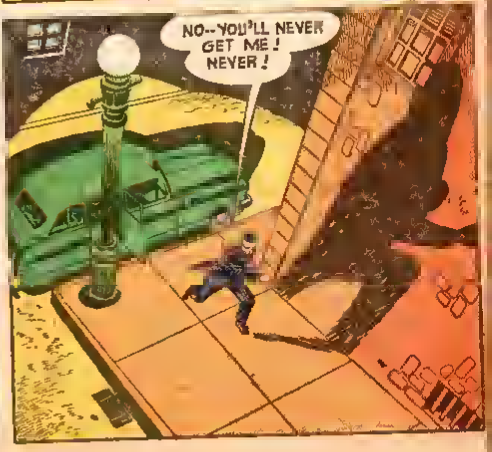
JUST A SECOND. WHO ARE YOU? TAKE OFF THAT MASK! AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!
ALL RIGHT! IF YOU WISH!

NO!
SURE IT'S ME, MACK WILSON! OVER THAT EDGE, JUSTIN, AND YOU JOIN ME IN THE BEYOND! WE'LL BE AS ONE IN DEATH!


JUSTIN BOLTED! HE TORE OUT OF THE HOTEL, RAN DOWN THE STREET AND GRABBED A CAB IN HASTY PANIC! THE CAB ROARED AWAY FROM THE CURB, SHOT THROUGH THE CITY STREETS, BARELY MISSING ACCIDENT AFTER ACCIDENT!
HEY! WHAT GIVES, GABBIE? ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL US OR SOMETHING? YOU BETTER DRIVE MORE CAREFULLY! SAY... WAIT A SECOND.

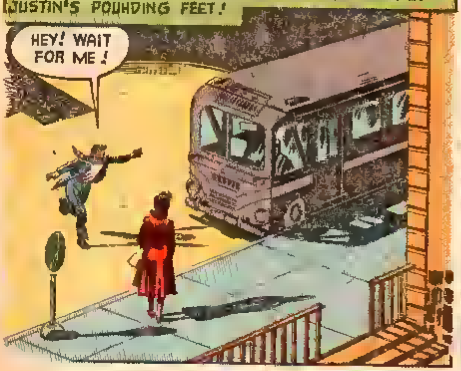
MACK!
IF I CAN'T GET YOU ONE WAY, JUSTIN, I'LL GET YOU ANOTHER! I'M A PATIENT MAN!


JUSTIN LUNGED OVER THE BARRIER THAT SEPARATED HIM FROM THE FRONT SEAT. HE GRAPPLED WITH MACK WILSON AS HE REACHED FOR THE EMERGENCY BARKE!
IT'S NO USE, JUSTIN! YOU'LL PAY WITH YOUR LIFE FOR POISONING ME!
SCREEECH

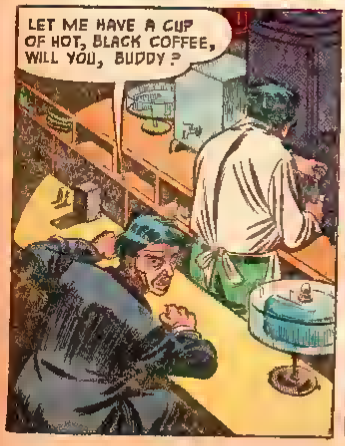

NO--YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! NEVER!

THE TORMENTED JUSTIN WESTRUM RAN BLINDLY, A SCREAM GURGLING IN THE FROTH THAT FORMED ON HIS LIPS. HE NEEDED HELP DESPERATELY. HE COULD NO LONGER FIGHT OFF THE LIVING DEATH THAT WAS MACK WILSON, BY HIMSELF!

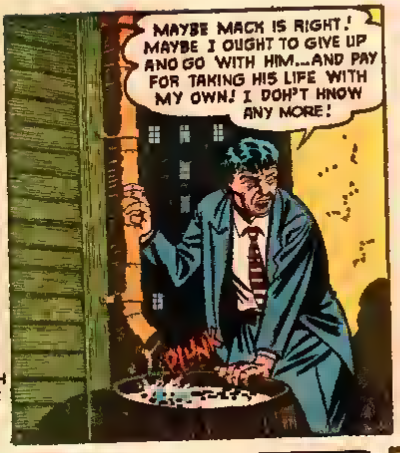
THE EVIL, FOUL CADAVER OF MACK WILSON WAS EVERYWHERE. HE WAS IN THE AIR THAT JUSTIN STRUGGLED TO SUCK INTO HIS LUNGS. HE WAS THE GROUND UNDER JUSTIN'S POUNDING FEET!



THERE WAS NO ESCAPE APPARENTLY. MACK'S WORDS ECHOED WITH THE FINALITY OF TRUTH AND DEATH! IT WAS A SAD AND WEARY MURDERER WHOSE DRAGGING FOOTSTEPS MADE A PATH TO THE COMFORTING WARMTH AND LIGHT OF AN ALL-NIGHT DINER!

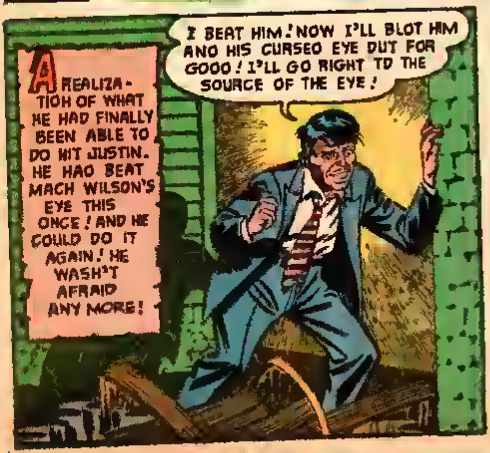


JUSTIN WESTRUM WAS EXHAUSTED. HE WAS DRAINED OF HOPE AND OF STRENGTH. ONLY TERROR PROPELLED HIM INTO MOVING HIS LEADEN FEET. SWING TIERLY, HE LUMPED AGAINST THE MOIST, BRICK WALL OF AN ALLEY.



JUSTIN FELT A CHOKING FEELING MOUNTING WITHIN HIM. AN INNER DAM BURST AND HIS PENT UP FEARS AND FRUSTRATIONS SPILLED OVER. IN A TERRIBLE RAGE, JUSTIN WESTRUM REBELLED AGAINST HIS FATE!

A REALIZATION OF WHAT HE HAD FINALLY BEEN ABLE TO DO HIT JUSTIN. HE HAD BEAT MACK WILSON'S EYE THIS ONCE! AND HE COULD DO IT AGAIN! HE WASN'T AFRAID ANY MORE!



TO JUSTIN'S TWISTED MIND, THE ORIGIN OF THE CONSTANT EYE LAY IN THE WATERS OF THE LAKE, AND HE INTENDED TO WIPE THAT LAKE FROM THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH! JUSTIN MOVED FAST: HE HIRED A CONTRACTOR AND WENT TO WORK!

EVERY DROP OF WATER MUST GO! THAT LAKE BED MUST BE BONE DRY WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED!

YOU'RE THE BOSS, MR. WESTRUM. THAT'S THE WAY IT'LL BE!

BUT THE EMPTYING OF THE LAKE BY NORMAL MEANS WASN'T FAST ENOUGH FOR JUSTIN, AND HE WAS FORCED TO DESPERATE MEASURES!

I HOPE YOU REALIZE, MR. WESTRUM, THAT USING THESE PUMPS AND TRUCKING THAT WATER OUT OF HERE IS GOING TO RUN INTO A LOT OF MONEY!

I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE EXPENSE! I'LL SPEND EVERY CENT I HAVE IF IT'S NECESSARY!

LIQUID CARTING COMPANY

THE JOB OF DRAINING THE LAKE COMPLETELY DRY SEEMED TO BE ENDLESS. FOR THE LAKE WAS STUBBORN AND SEEMED TO STRUGGLE TO REFILL ITSELF, SCORNFUL OF THE MODERN TECHNOLOGY THAT JUSTIN WAS BRINGING TO BEAR!

MY BANK ACCOUNT IS GOING DRY QUICKER THAN THE LAKE!

SHE'S A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK, MR. WESTRUM AND THERE'S A GOOD REASON FOR IT!

I'M PRETTY SURE THE LAKE IS BEING FED OUT THERE BY AN UNDERGROUND SPRING ALMOST AS FAST AS WE CAN TAKE THE WATER OUT!

YES, THAT WOULD BE THE SPOT! RIGHT WHERE I SLIPPED MACK'S BODY INTO THE LAKE ..WHERE I FIRST SAW THE EYE!

EVERY CENT I HAVE GOES INTO FINISHING THIS JOB! I WANT THAT SPRING CAPPED, BLOCK OFF THAT WATER WITH A CONCRETE PILE! SINK IT BELOW LAKE BOTTOM!

ALREADY HEAVILY IN DEBT, JUSTIN MORTGAGED THE MOTOR MANUFACTURING BUSINESS FOR WHICH HE HAD KILLED MACK WILSON. NOT ONLY WAS HE BURYING EVERY CENT OF HIS OWN IN THE LAKE, BUT THE BLOOD-MONEY HE HAD MURDERED FOR, TOO.

THE BOSS SAYS THIS CRAZY JOB IS COSTING A FORTUNE!

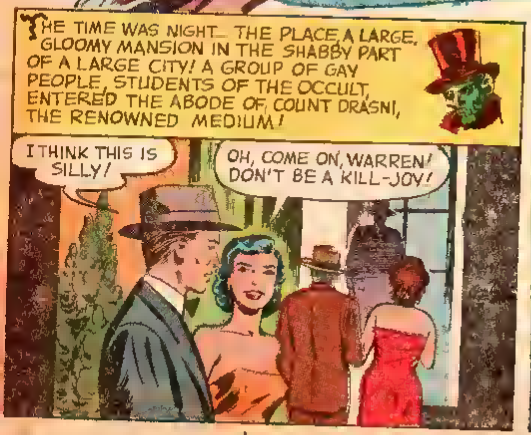
WHO KNOWS? SOMETHING MUST BE EATING AWAY AT THE GUY WHO'S FOOTING THE BILLS! MAYBE HE'S BUILDING HIMSELF A TOMBSTONE OUT HERE!

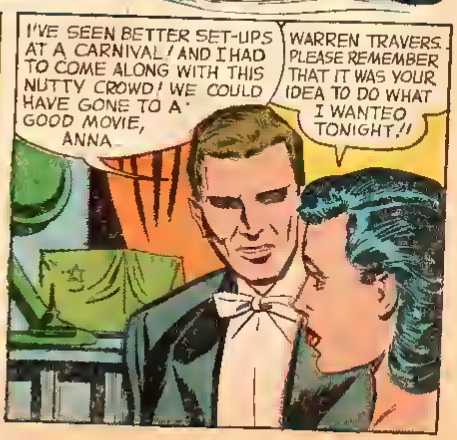
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WAIT FOR THE CONCRETE TO HARDEN AND THE SPRING WILL BE DAMMED UP! THE LAKE'LL BE GONE...THE EYE DESTROYED...AND ALONG WITH IT, MACK WILSON! I'LL BE FREE FOREVER!

FINALLY, ALL THE CONCRETE WAS POURED. THE CONTRACTOR AND HIS MEN PACKED UP AND MOVED OUT. JUSTIN BELIEVED THAT HE HAD WON. BUT THAT LAST NIGHT.....
I WANT TO GLOAT AND WATCH THE CONCRETE HARDEN. I WANT TO KNOW THAT I AM SEALING THE EYE AND MACK WILSON INTO THE WORLD OF THE DEAD!
NO! I'M GOING MAD! IT IS NOT THE MOON UP IN THE SKY! IT'S THE EYE! THE EYE! AND... ALL THIS WAS FOR NOTHING! THERE IS NO ESCAPE!
I CAN'T LOOK AT THE EYE ANYMORE! HELP! AIEEEEE!
JUSTIN HIT THE CONCRETE WITH A LIQUID, SUCKING SOUND! THE STILL SOFT CONCRETE GRIPPED HIM LIKE A RELENTLESS, HUNGRY MOUTH... SWALLOWING!
NO! SOMEBODY HEAR ME! THERE'S STILL TIME! I CAN BE SAVED! I CAN BE SAVED! I CAN BE SAVED!
THUS DID THE MURDERER GO TO HIS DEATH. HE HAD BEEN KEPT TO THE WORD OF HIS TOAST OF ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP BY THE MAN HE HAD KILLED, AND JUSTIN WESTRUM JOINED HIS VICTIM IN THE WORLD OF THE DEAD!

WHAT IS IT THAT DIVIDES US FROM OURSELVES? FEAR... THE FEAR HIDING BEHIND A BUSH OR IN A DIMLY-LIT HALL! FEAR OF ROTTED THINGS LONG DEAD! OF THE **UNKNOWN**... ALWAYS LURKING, NEVER IDENTIFIED. TO WARREN TRAVERS THIS FEAR BECAME A REALITY.. AN EXPERIENCE SO FRIGHTENING, SO FANTASTIC THAT ITS SECRET WAS TO REMAIN LOCKED IN HIS HEART FOREVER AT THE...

SEANCE of TERROR!



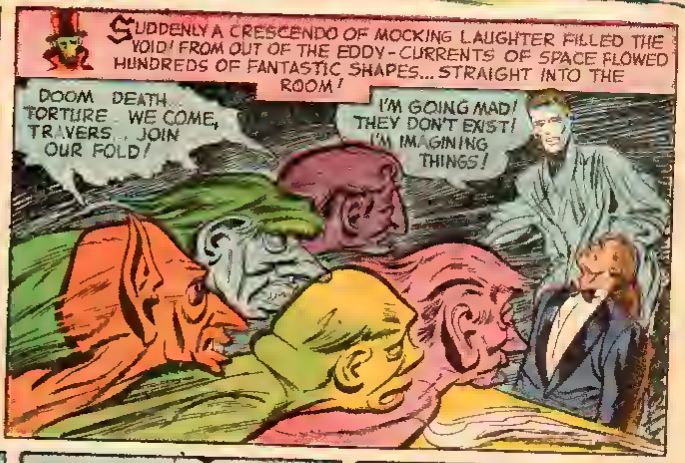


WELL, IF I THOUGHT WE'D END UP HERE, I'D NEVER HAVE TOLD YOU THAT! WHEW! WHAT A WASTE OF TIME!
SSSHHH, YOU TWO LOVE-BIRDS, HERE HE COMES!
THE LIGHTS DIMMED, A CHEAP GONG SOUNDED SOMEWHERE, AND A THINLY ASCETIC, ELDERLY MAN DRESSED IN FLOWING ROBES ENTERED THE SPACIOUS ROOM!
WELCOME, MEMBERS OF THE VEIL! I AM COUNT DRASNI — SEEKER OF ELEMENTAL TRUTHS. AT YOUR SERVICE!
OH, BROTHER! WHAT A HAM!
COUNT.. WE WERE SO THRILLED AT YOUR LAST DEMONSTRATION! WILL YOU BRING BACK MY DEAR DEPARTED SISTER AGAIN?
I CANNOT GUARANTEE ANYTHING, MRS. ADAMS! THE SPIRITS CONTROL EVERYTHING! ONLY GIVE THEM THE OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK THROUGH MY LIPS!
IF ALL OF YOU WILL NOW KINDLY SIT AT THIS TABLE AND SPREAD OUT YOUR FINGERS SO THAT THE TIPS OF EACH WILL TOUCH THE FINGERS OF SOMEONE ELSE, WE WILL BEGIN!
I TAKE IT BACK, HONEY! THIS IS BETTER THAN A MOVIE!
YOUNG MAN — THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE MORE THAN OTHERS WHO ARE EXTREMELY PSYCHIC TO THE SPIRITS! I AM ONE OF THESE! YOU, PERHAPS, ARE NOT! SO... IF NOTHING HAPPENS TO YOU, PLEASE UNDERSTAND AND COOPERATE BY KEEPING SILENT!
SORRY!
THE SEANCE BEGAN! DRASNI BENT TO HIS TASK WITH ALL THE PARAPHERNALIA AT HIS COMMAND! SUDDENLY HE STIFFENED ONLY TO SLUMP DEEPER INTO HIS CHAIR!
OPEN... DOORS OF TIME AND SPACE...
WARREN TRAVERS HAD LOOKED UPON THE PROCEEDINGS WITH CYNICISM! NOW, AS DRASNI STOPPED TALKING, THE YOUNG MAN FELT A STRANGE LASSITUDE CREEPING UPON HIM!
W-WHAT'S COME OVER ME? I CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE.. MY BODY'S GROWING LIMP!

SLOWLY THE ROOM BEGAN TO SPIN MORE AND MORE SWIFTLY UNTIL IT SEEMED LIKE A WHIRLPOOL FROM WHICH UNFAMILIAR SHAPES UNDULATED AND REVOLVED IN EVER-INCREASING SPIRALS!
WHY... I'M LOOKING AT MYSELF SITTING AT THE TABLE... I... I MUST BE DREAMING!

NO! EVERYTHING IS TOO CLEAR! GOOD LORD!.. AND I DIDN'T BELIEVE HIM! I MUST BE ONE OF THE SENSITIVE PEOPLE HE SPOKE ABOUT! I.. I WANT TO FLY... TO SOAR UP AND OUT...!

WARREN TRAVERS' SOUL STRAINED TORTUROUSLY, LIKE A THING BERSERK! IT FELT CHAINED TO AN ANIMAL OF FIVE LITTLE SENSES! IT TUGGED, PULLED... THEN, WITH A SNAP... IT WAS FREE!
AWAY FROM EARTH AWAY! I CAN SEE ALL PEOPLE AND TOWNS! THIS IS ECSTASY!


SUDDENLY A CRESCENDO OF MOCKING LAUGHTER FILLED THE VOID! FROM OUT OF THE EDDY-CURRENTS OF SPACE FLOWED HUNDREDS OF FANTASTIC SHAPES... STRAIGHT INTO THE ROOM!
DOOM... DEATH... TORTURE... WE COME, TRAVERS... JOIN OUR FOLD!
I'M GOING MAD! THEY DON'T EXIST! I'M IMAGINING THINGS!

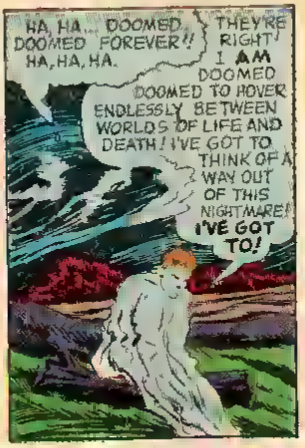
YOU ARE NOT IMAGINING THINGS, MORTAL! YOU ARE IN OUR WORLD! WE ARE THE SOULS OF THE DEAD, THE DOOMED, THE TORTURED! YOU HAVE GIVEN UP YOUR MATERIAL SHELL AND I HAVE ACCEPTED IT!
NO! YOU CAN'T! GET AWAY! I WON'T LET YOU!

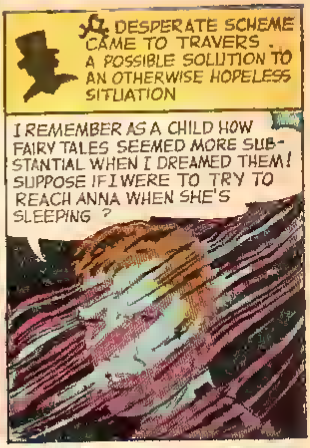
HOW CAN YOU STOP ME, PUNY ONE? YOU ARE DEAD! AND ONCE YOUR CONTACT IS BROKEN YOU WILL ROAM WITH US FOREVER! GOODBYE... EE HA, HA!
PLEASE.. OH.. DRASN! IS WAKING!

OHH... I HAD THE STRANGEST FEELING OF IMPENDING DISASTER! I'M SORRY I'VE FAILED TO SUMMON THE SPIRITS TONIGHT! I SEE ON YOUR FACES NOTHING HAS HAPPENED!
BUT IT HAS! I'M STRANDED HERE! HELP! DRASN! HELP!

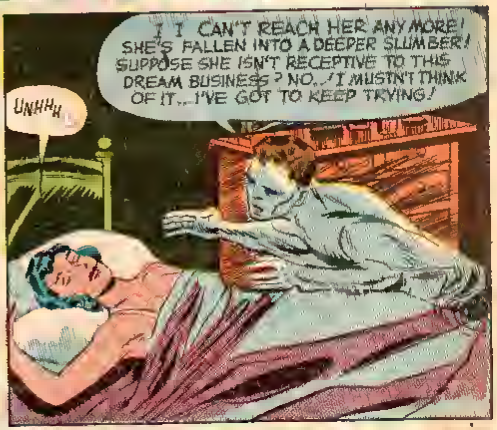
WARREN TRAVERS SHOUTED IN VAIN! THE MEDIUM COULD NOT HEAR HIM! NO LIVING THING COULD! THE SEANCE WAS OVER! HE WATCHED THE CREATURE IN HIS BODY ESCORT ANNA TO THE DOOR!
HE'S A FAKE, DARLING! YOU WERE SO RIGHT!
I..TOLD..YOU ...SO!
NO...NO! DON'T LEAVE! COME BACK!
WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW DEAR? I KNOW... LET'S TAKE A STROLL THROUGH THE PARK!
NO! I..DO..NOT WISH..IT! LEAVE ME NOW! THIS INSTANT! I HAVE MANY THINGS TO DO..YES ...MANY THINGS!
WHAT'S COME OVER WARREN? HE ACTED SO BRUSQUELY! OH, WELL.. HE'S ANGRY WITH ME! I DON'T BLAME HIM THOUGH! I'LL CALL HIM IN THE MORNING AND APOLOGIZE!
ANNA DARLING, I'M WARREN..HERE ...WITH YOU! YOU HAVE TO STOP THAT OTHER..! LISTEN, PLEASE!
IT'S NO USE! SHE DOESN'T HEAR ME! I..I'M LOST! YOU'VE DONE THIS TO ME, YOU MONSTER! GIVE ME BACK MY BODY, DO YOU HEAR?
VENT YOUR RAGE UPON ME! I CAN'T FEEL YOUR BLOWS NOW! BUT I CAN HEAR AND SEE YOU TO LAUGH AT YOUR STUPIDITY!
OHHH-H-H... I'M DOOMED! I'M DOOMED!
HA, HA! BEGONE! BEGONE! HA, HA, HA!
NOW BEGAN A FANTASTIC EXPERIENCE FOR WARREN! HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A QUAGMIRE OF ANOTHER DEMONIACAL WORLD! STRANGE HORRORS LURKED IN THE PERPETUAL FOG OF THE UNKNOWN, SHATTERING THE ETHER WITH THEIR DISCORDANT LAUGHTER!
HA, HA... HEE... HEE... HEE... YOU ARE DEAD... DEAD... DEAD...!
STOP IT! STOP IT! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE!!

WE ARE THE SOULS OF MURDERERS, SUICIDES, THOSE WHO HAVE DONE EVIL! WE WANDER HERE CONTINUOUSLY, CARRYING THE CHAINS OF OUR MORTAL SINS. BUT WHEN WE SHALL FULFILL OUR DESTINIES YOU WILL STILL BE HERE!

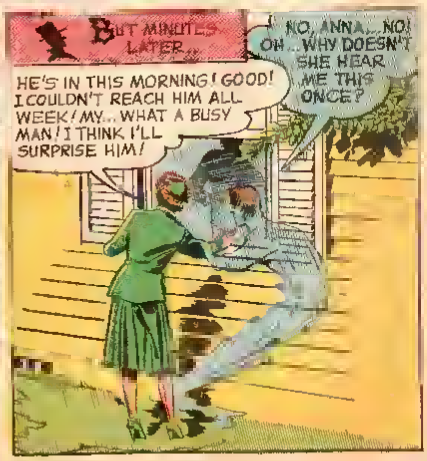

HA, HA... DOOMED, DOOMED FOREVER!! HA, HA, HA.
THEY'RE RIGHT! I AM DOOMED
DOOMED TO HOVER ENDLESSLY BETWEEN WORLDS OF LIFE AND DEATH! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF A WAY OUT OF THIS NIGHTMARE!
I'VE GOT TO!

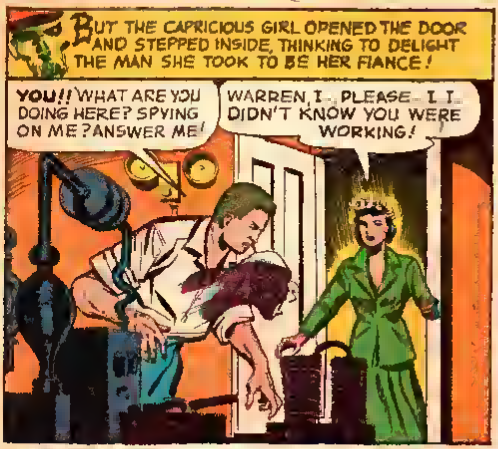

A DESPERATE SCHEME CAME TO TRAVERS . A POSSIBLE SOLUTION TO AN OTHERWISE HOPELESS SITUATION
I REMEMBER AS A CHILD HOW FAIRY TALES SEEMED MORE SUBSTANTIAL WHEN I DREAMED THEM! SUPPOSE IF I WERE TO TRY TO REACH ANNA WHEN SHE'S SLEEPING ?

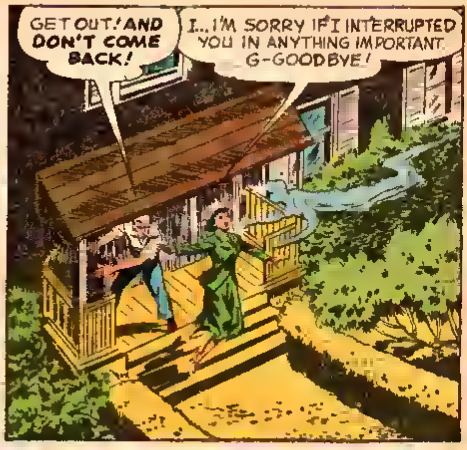
SO NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, THE DESPERATE SOUL OF WARREN TRAVERS DID ITS UTMOST TO CONTACT A SLEEPING ANNA!
DARLING, PLEASE LISTEN... TELL DRASNI WHAT I'VE JUST MADE CLEAR TO YOU GO TO HIS HOUSE.. TO HIS HOUSE!

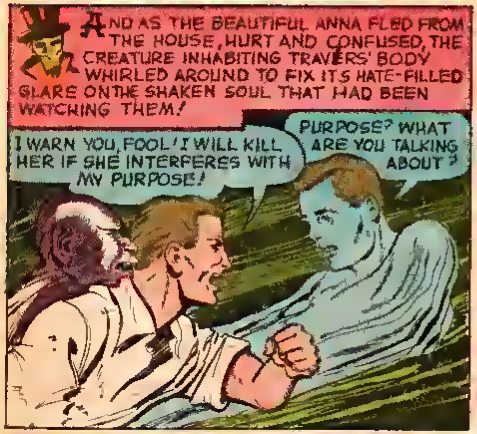

I I CAN'T REACH HER ANYMORE! SHE'S FALLEN INTO A DEEPER SLUMBER! SUPPOSE SHE ISN'T RECEPTIVE TO THIS DREAM BUSINESS? NO.. I MUSTN'T THINK OF IT... I'VE GOT TO KEEP TRYING!
UNHH

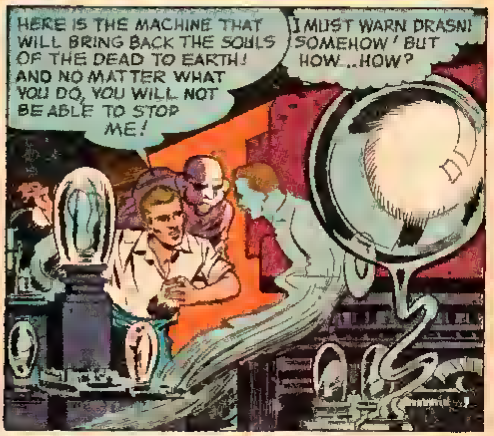
THE NEXT MORNING, ANNA SAT AT HER DRESSER COMBING HER HAIR, A TROUBLED LOOK ON HER BEAUTIFUL FACE!
WHAT A STRANGE DREAM I HAD... WARREN SEEMED TO BE WARNING ME ABOUT SOMETHING! I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS! I MAY BE CRAZY, BUT.. I MUST SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT!
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, ANNA! DON'T GO TO THE HOUSE!

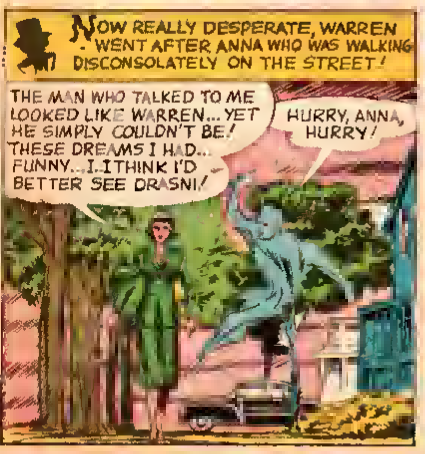

BUT MINUTES LATER...
HE'S IN THIS MORNING! GOOD! I COULDN'T REACH HIM ALL WEEK! MY... WHAT A BUSY MAN! I THINK I'LL SURPRISE HIM!
NO, ANNA... NO! OH... WHY DOESN'T SHE HEAR ME THIS ONCE?


BUT THE CAPRICIOUS GIRL OPENED THE DOOR AND STEPPED INSIDE, THINKING TO DELIGHT THE MAN SHE TOOK TO BE HER FIANCE!
YOU!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? SPYING ON ME? ANSWER ME!
WARREN, I--PLEASE--I I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE WORKING!


GET OUT! AND DON'T COME BACK!
I...I'M SORRY IF I INTERRUPTED YOU IN ANYTHING IMPORTANT. G-GOODBYE!

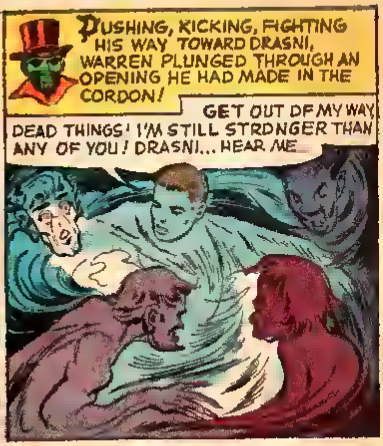

AND AS THE BEAUTIFUL ANNA FLED FROM THE HOUSE, HURT AND CONFUSED, THE CREATURE INHABITING TRAVERS' BODY WHIRLED AROUND TO FIX ITS HATE-FILLED GLARE ON THE SHAKEN SOUL THAT HAD BEEN WATCHING THEM!
I WARN YOU, FOOL! I WILL KILL HER IF SHE INTERFERES WITH MY PURPOSE!
PURPOSE? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?


HERE IS THE MACHINE THAT WILL BRING BACK THE SOULS OF THE DEAD TO EARTH! AND NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO, YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO STOP ME!
I MUST WARN DRASNI SOMEHOW! BUT HOW...HOW?


NOW REALLY DESPERATE, WARREN WENT AFTER ANNA WHO WAS WALKING DISCONSOLATELY ON THE STREET!
THE MAN WHO TALKED TO ME LOOKED LIKE WARREN...YET HE SIMPLY COULDN'T BE! THESE DREAMS I HAD... FUNNY...I...I THINK I'D BETTER SEE DRASNI!
HURRY, ANNA, HURRY!

LATER, IN THE MEDIUM'S HOUSE...
...AND YOU SAY THIS FIGURE OF WARREN REPEATS THE SAME MESSAGE OVER AND OVER AGAIN?
YES! AS IF EVERY SECOND COUNTS ON IT! MAYBE IT'S MY IMAGINATION...BUT AFTER TODAY, I...I'M NOT SO SURE!

DRASNI, REALIZING THAT SOMETHING WAS TERRIBLY WRONG, WENT INTO A TRANCE WITHOUT ANOTHER MOMENT'S HESITATION! WARREN'S CHANCE HAD COME, BUT WITH IT ROSE A NEW DANGER!
THE SPIRITS! WHERE DID THEY APPEAR FROM? THEY'RE FORMING A CIRCLE AROUND THE MEDIUM!
TURN BACK MORTAL! IT IS USELESS!

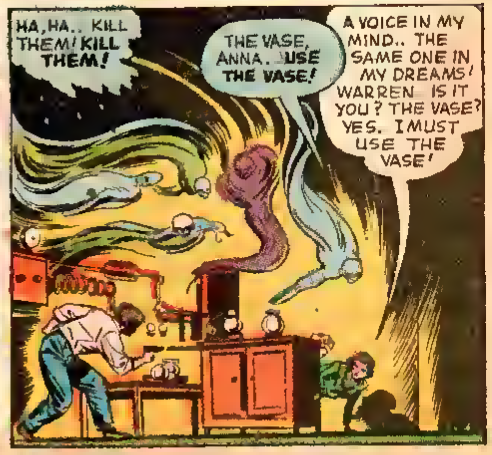

PUSHING, KICKING, FIGHTING HIS WAY TOWARD DRASNI, WARREN PLUNGED THROUGH AN OPENING HE HAD MADE IN THE CORDON!
GET OUT OF MY WAY, DEAD THINGS! I'M STILL STRONGER THAN ANY OF YOU! DRASNI... HEAR ME

OHH-H. WHERE AM I?
HE AWAKENS.. YAAH! WE WIN AGAIN, MORTAL!
TELL ME.. WAS THERE ANY CAUSE FOR MY SUSPICIONS?

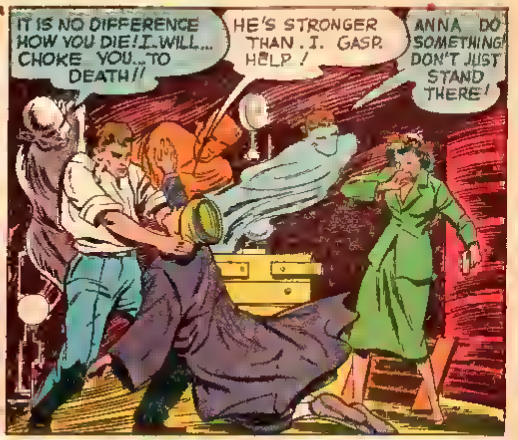
I HEARD HIM! HE IS IMPRISONED BETWEEN THE WORLDS.. AND IN HORRIBLE DANGER! COME ON.. WE MUST STOP WHATEVER IT IS THAT IS MASQUERADING AS WARREN TRAVERS!

OO YOU HEAR THAT? THERE'S STILL A CHANCE FOR ME TO ESCAPE YOU!
AWAY.. AWAY, BROTHERS! SEND WORD TO OUR COMPANION IN THIS ACCURSED ONE'S SHELL! TELL HIM TO ENERGIZE THE MACHINE!

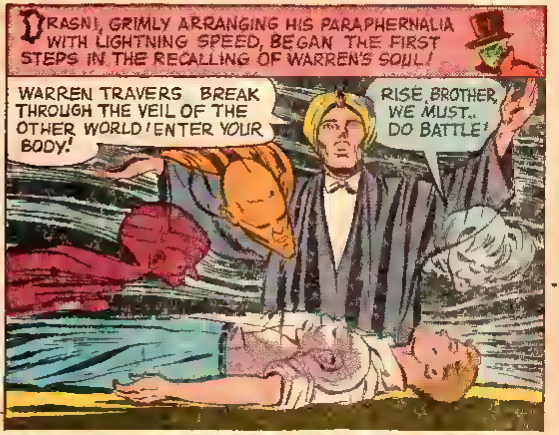
THUS, A HALF-HOUR LATER, WHEN DRASNI AND ANNA RUSHED INTO WARREN'S HOUSE, THEY FOUND THE CREATURE WAITING FOR THEM!
GET BACK, COUNT! HE HAS A PISTOL!
TOO BAD YOU HAVE FOUND OUT, OLD ONE! YOU TWO SHALL DIE!

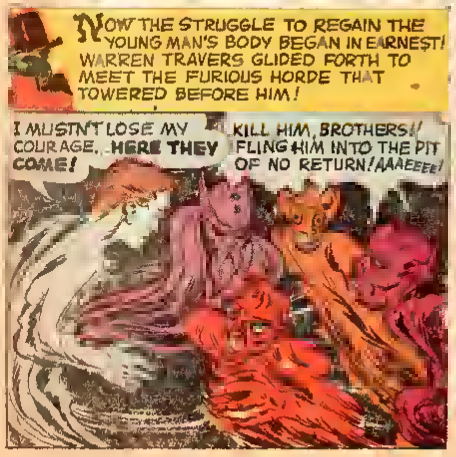

HA, HA.. KILL THEM! KILL THEM!
THE VASE, ANNA.. USE THE VASE!
A VOICE IN MY MIND.. THE SAME ONE IN MY DREAMS! WARREN.. IS IT YOU? THE VASE? YES. I MUST USE THE VASE!

GOOD GIRL! GET THE REVOLVER... QUICKLY... WHILE I TRY TO HOLD HIM!
ARRRRGHH!
A-ALL RIGHT!
THUD

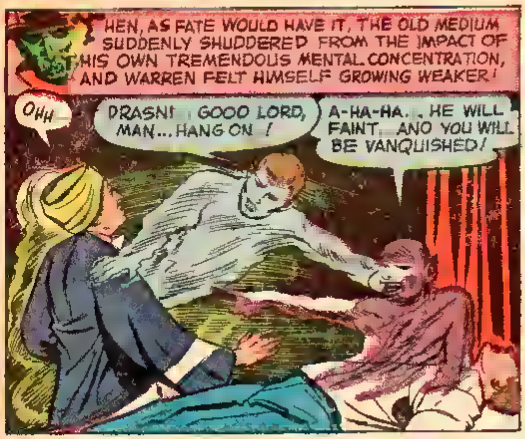

IT IS NO DIFFERENCE HOW YOU DIE! I..WILL... CHOKE YOU...TO DEATH!!
HE'S STRONGER THAN I. GASP HELP!
ANNA DO SOMETHING! DON'T JUST STAND THERE!

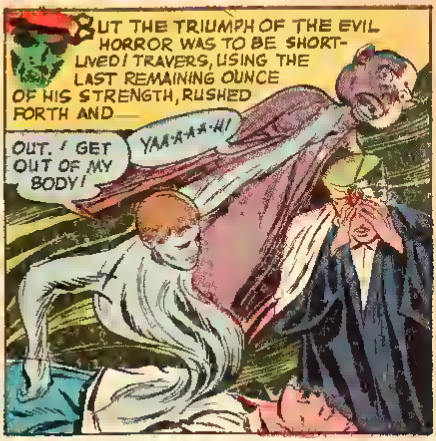
ROUSED OUT OF HER PARALYZED FRIGHT BY THE MEDIUM'S PLIGHT, ANNA QUICKLY MOVED BEHIND THE CREATURE, AND.
NOW, CHILD.. HELP ME CARRY HIS BODY TO THE TABLE!
KLUNK

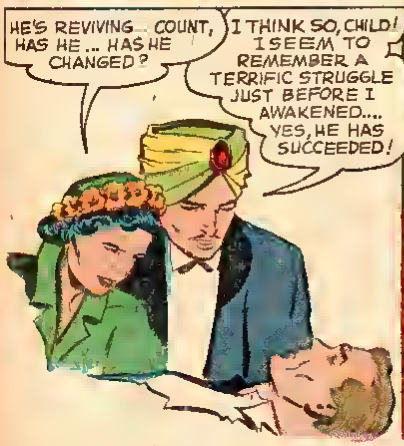

DRASN!, GRIMLY ARRANGING HIS PARAPHERNALIA WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, BEGAN THE FIRST STEPS IN THE RECALLING OF WARREN'S SOUL!
WARREN TRAVERS BREAK THROUGH THE VEIL OF THE OTHER WORLD! ENTER YOUR BODY!
RISE, BROTHER, WE MUST.. DO BATTLE!

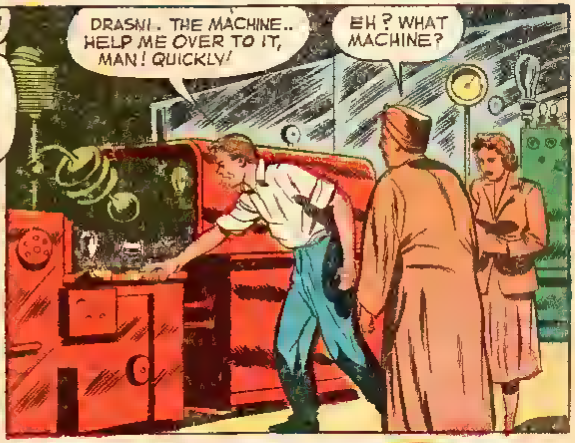

NOW THE STRUGGLE TO REGAIN THE YOUNG MAN'S BODY BEGAN IN EARNEST! WARREN TRAVERS GLIDED FORTH TO MEET THE FURIOUS HORDE THAT TOWERED BEFORE HIM!
I MUSTN'T LOSE MY COURAGE.. HERE THEY COME!
KILL HIM, BROTHERS!/ FLING HIM INTO THE PIT OF NO RETURN! AAAEEEE!

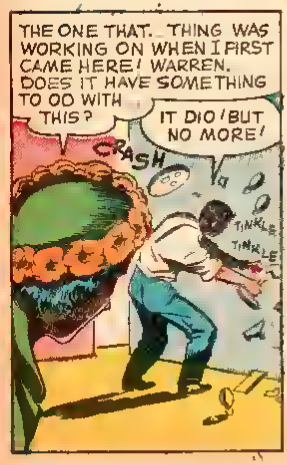
HERE YOU ARE AT LAST! I'VE WAITED A LIFETIME FOR THIS!!
AID ME, BROTHERS! HE IS PULLING ME OUT OF THIS MATERIAL SHELL!
AIIEE!











THUS, WARREN TRAVERS WAS HELPED OUT OF THAT TERRIBLE HOUSE AND INTO THE STREET, FINISHED WITH A FANTASTIC EXPERIENCE! AND AS THE THREE DISAPPEARED AROUND A CORNER, AN UNNATURAL WAILING OF WIND HERALDED THE FAILURE OF THOSE WHO WERE CHEATED OUT OF CONQUERING EARTH :. PERHAPS FOREVER!

REVENGE IN THE CLOUDS

By Daniel Sheldon

BILL HARRIS, six-foot four-inch newspaper man and former football star at Michigan, boarded the clipper ship in Hamburg, Germany. He was heading back to the United States after a whirlwind six-week tour of Europe. Locked in his briefcase was enough material for the dozen articles his editor on the Chronicle had assigned him to write.

He walked down tbe aisle, located his seat, and carefully stowed his briefcase on tbe overhead rack. The man sitting next to him looked up ae he sat down. Bill extended his band and said, "Harris is my name, Bill Harris. I'm headed for New York." That was his style. If he was going to sit next to a man for thirteen hours he might as well be on speaking terme.

The man shook Bill's hand lightly. "Wilhelm Koch is my name. I, too, am bound for New York."

Bill stared at Kocb's face intently for a moment. He was trying to dig into his memory, way back—at least seven or eigbt years back. He had seen that face somewbere and it was not one he liked. It was something hateful, something to be deepised. But he couldn't remember why. . . .

"Are you headed for New York on businese, Mr. Koch?" Bill asked.

Koch looked up suspiciously from the magazine he was reading. "In a sense, yes. I have many things to attend to in the United Statee."

As they talked, the plane suddenly started to gather speed along the runway and in a matter of seconds it was airborne. Bill felt it bank sharply over the Hamburg airport and bead out over the North Sea. Kocb braced himself quickly.

"This is my first air trip, you know, and it is indeed a strange experience." Bill smiled in reply.

The plane climbed higher and higher and finally leveled off at thirty thousand feet. Bill looked at Koch. Tbere was something painfully fsmiliar about that face. And yet the features had been altered slightly, perhaps a mustache shaved off to fool a casual observer.

"How soon do we pass over London, Mr. Koch?" Bill asked suddenly as an idea occurred to him. Below he had sighted an island which had served as a landmark for both German and Allied bombers during the last war. Koch stared down at the island. "Three hundred and fifty-four miles to London," he said tersely.

Bill bit his upper lip. "Thank you." His mind was whirling. For a man wbo had never flown before Koch was certainly familiar with the landmarks. Bill carefully studied the man's face out of the corner of his eye. He knew that face. Koch was wanted someplace for something. Bill didn't know where or why, but he knew that Koch was e hunted man.

Koch put down his magazine. "The plane certainly runs smoothly, doesn't it, Mr. Koch?" Bill asked.

"It is very nice. But, of course, I know little about these things."

The conversation died off as euddenly as it had begun. It was obvious that Koch didn't want to talk. Bill craned his neck, looking out through the wide window at Koch's side. Billowy cloud formations flew past quickly and occasionally a shower of sparks from the plane's exhaust etreaked through the sky. As the plane roared on Bill was thinking of some way to draw Koch into conversation. Perhaps he could trick him into revealing his true identity.

Suddenly Koch, his face frozen in terror, rammed his elbow into Bill's side. Bill looked up, astounded. Outside the window of the plane, which was tben cruising at over three bundred and fifty miles an hour at thirty-thousand feet, was the determined face of an airman! He was dressed in the battle gear of e United States Army pilot of World War two. The letters USAF were printed across his helmet. His goggles were pulled down over his eyes and his moutb was twisted in a horrifying and triumphant sneer. He etared intently at Koch for a few momente, then pushed the goggles back onto hie forehead, revealing e pair of cold, expressionless blue eyes. Koch tried to scream but though his mouth was wide open in borror, no eound escaped! Tbe face in the window smiled grimly for a few more momente and then quickly a pistol butt was raieed and the window was emashed in loudly. Then a hand holding a .45 caliber pistol was extended into the cabin. Bill heard e quiet laugh and then Koch managed to let out one last

agonized scream for marcy. But it was too late! The gun went off with a loud bang and Koth slumpad over in bis seat—dead!

As the echo of the shot died away, and the passengers on the plane slowly realized whst had happened, they were thrown into a near panic. Word was sent forward to the Captain and in a few moments the stewardesses had tha situation well in hand. A terse message was radioed ahead and four hours later the plane landed in New York.

Police Inspector Carr pushed his hat back on his head. "Are you sure nothing was touched, Captain?" he asked. Captain Milgrove, pilot of tha huge clipper, nodded. "Nothing at all."

Carr shook his head as he surveyed the acene. He walked over to the seat and rolled the body over slowly. "Look here," he axclaimed, "a gun." A regulation U. S. army .45. He picked the weapon up and carefully wrapped it in a clean cloth. "We'll have it examined for prints. Meanwhile, let's get tha body off the plana and have some pictures taken."

Two members of the police laboratory squad were called in and after a few photographs had been taken the body was carried awsy. As tha stretcher was borne out through tha open door of the plane Bill took ona last look at the face of the dead man. Something was awakening in his memory . . .

"Inspector, I'll be over st the Chronicle building in casa you need me for questioning. I may have something for you in a few hours anyway."

"O.K., Harris, and thanks."

Bill hopped into a cab and flashed over to the Chronicle building. He dashed through the lobby into an elevator and got out a faw moments later on the sixth floor. He raced down the hall into the "morgue" and grabbed a photo file marked "Garmany." Quickly turning to the folder marked "Military Leaders", he leafed bis way through impatiently. Suddenly he had it! The face of Wilhalm Koch stared at him from a nine-by-twelva inch glossy photograph. Only his name wasn't Koch! It was Gerhardt Brechner, a Colonel in the German Luftwaffe. Bill sped over to the story file on Brachner and read one story after another about him. "Brechner machine-guns bomber crew as it parachutes." "Brechnar kills four as they bail out of flaming RAF plane." One story after anothar told the same tale. Brechner, the butcher of the air, as he was called, had gained a wide-spread reputation for the murdering in cold blood of parachuting Allied airmen. After the war ha had been sought throughout Germany for his infamous war crimes, but no trace of him was ever discovered.

But how did this all tie together? How could a face suddenly appear in the window of an airliner, smash the glass and shoot a man saated there? Bill didn't believe in the supernatural, but there was certainly no other explanation for what had happened. And then the gun. Would there be prints on it? Perhaps that would explain averything.

Bill dashed out of the Chronicle office over to the police headquarters. Inspector Carr was seated in the laboratory, awaiting the results of the fingerprint tests.

"Any leads, Harris?" ha asked as Bill rushed in.

"Yeah, inspector, the dead man isn't Wilhelm Koch. He is Gerhardt Brechner, sometimes called the Butcher of the Luftwaffe. Had a nice trick of machine-gunning parachuting airman. They've been looking all over Europe for him. Seems someone got him before the police."

"OK, Harris, but how did he get shot through the window of that plana? Don't tell ma that the angels did it."

"Inspector," called the Laboratory technician, "the results are here. It's a regulation .45 caliber Army Air Force Weapon. The prints belonged to Lt. Glenn Caldwell, an air force fighter pilot killed in action during the war."

"C'MON, inspector," shouted Bill, "I think we've got this solved!" They dashed out of the building into a police car and sped over to the "morgue" at the Chronicle building. Bill hunted among the files for a few minutes and then pulled out a group of clippings on Lt. Glenn Caldwell, USAF, killed in action July 6, 1944. The inspector and Bill read through the stories. Slowly a look of horror came over them.

The clipping before them read: "London, July 6, 1944. Lt. Glenn Caldwell, who vowed to avenge the death of his parachuting brother at the hands of the Luftwaffe's infamous Col. Brechner died today at the hands of his brother's killer. While tracking tha German over the North Sea he developed engina trouble and had to bail out. His last radio message was: 'Have to hit the silk even though Brechner is around. But I'll get him sooner or latar no mattar what happens!'"

THE END

THE BLIND, THE DOOMED-- AND THE DEAD!

ALAS--IT IS NOT TRUE THAT DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES! FOR THE RAVAGED AND OFFENDED DEAD STALK RESTLESSLY UNTIL AVENGED, AS IN--THE BLIND, THE DOOMED--AND THE DEAD!

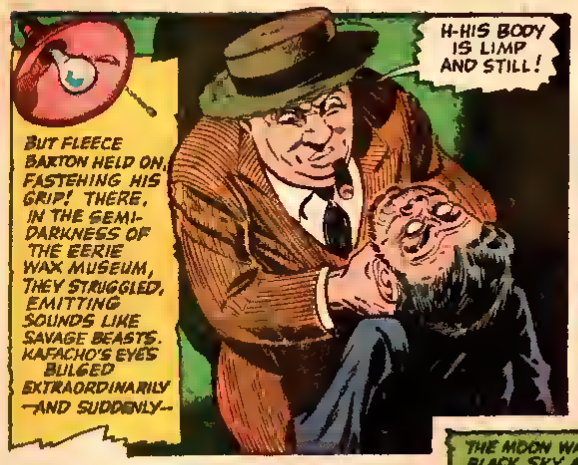
N-NO! IT-IT CAN'T BE! I-I DESTROYED YOU WITH MY OWN HANDS!

A HUNDRED FIGURES POSED IN ASSORTED POSITIONS, GROTESQUE AND GARISH, LINED THE LARGE, DIMLY-LIT, DEPRESSING ROOM. IN THE FAR CORNER, PARTLY SHROUDED BY THE DARKNESS, ONLY ONE SPOKE, AND CHUCKLED--AND LAUGHED RAUCOUSLY ALOUD!

JASPER KAFACHO, WIZENED AND HUNCHED, SQUINTED THROUGH SIGHTLESS ORBS AND, AS WAS HIS PECULIAR WONT--TALKED TO THE FIGURES IN THE WAX MUSEUM!

AHA-HA-HA-HA! THE WORLD IS A TRAGIC JOKE, MY SILENT FRIENDS! THERE IS GRIEF AND PAIN IN EVERY MINUTE OF EXISTENCE! BUT YOU--YOU ARE FREE OF ALL THAT!

AN UNNOTICED VISITOR, BIG AND BEEFY "FLEECE" BARTON, OWNER OF THE CARNIVAL, SHUDDERED INVOLUNTARILY AS HE LOOKED ON THE MACABRE SIGHT---
HE'S CRAZY--STARK RAVING MAD! I'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO CLEAR THIS MAUSOLEUM OUT SO I CAN RENT THE SPACE TO AN EXHIBIT THAT WILL PULL MORE PEOPLE! I'M LOSING MONEY HAVING HIM HERE!
IT IS YOU, BARTON! I KNOW YOU ARE THERE! I WON'T HAVE YOU COMING AROUND TO SPY ON ME! GET OUT! GET OUT, I SAY!
KAFACHO SCUFFLED TOWARD HIM, HIS VOICE REEDY AND BITTER---
YOU HAVE COME TO PLAGUE ME ABOUT LEAVING AGAIN! BUT IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD! I HAVE A LEASE--AND I INTEND TO HOLD YOU TO IT!
BUT YOU ARE NOT EARNING ANY MONEY HERE EITHER! THIS WAX MUSEUM RACKET IS USELESS!
THEY OUGHT TO LOCK YOU UP! YOU JUST KEEP THIS JOINT TO TALK TO THOSE LUMPS OF WAX!
IT IS AN INNOCENT WAY FOR A BLIND MAN TO AMUSE HIMSELF!
THIS IS MY LAST OFFER! I'LL GIVE YOU A THOUSAND BUCKS--A CLEAN GRAND, TO PULL OUT OF HERE! YOU COULD USE THE DOUGH TO BUY ANOTHER CONCESSION!
NO! IT WILL ALWAYS BE NO!
FLEECE BARTON DETAINED HIS SIGHTLESS TENANT BY THE ARM, THE ANGER GATHERING IN HIS FACE. THE GNARLED LITTLE MAN SCREAMED HIS REJECTION AND TRIED TO SNAKE LOOSE!
IF YOU CONTINUE TO MOLEST ME, I WILL CALL IN THE LAW! TAKE YOUR HAND OFF ME!
WHY, YOU--!
I--I'LL GET RID OF YOU!
UHH! LET ME GO! LET ME GO!


BUT FLEECE BARTON HELD ON, FASTENING HIS GRIP! THERE, IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS OF THE EERIE WAX MUSEUM, THEY STRUGGLED, EMITTING SOUNDS LIKE SAVAGE BEASTS. KAFACHO'S EYES BULGED EXTRAORDINARILY --AND SUDDENLY--
H-HIS BODY IS LIMP AND STILL!

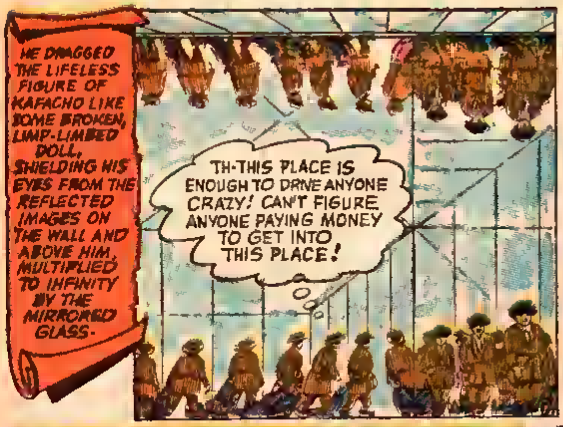
HE--HE'S DEAD! I-I HADN'T MEANT TO GO SO FAR!

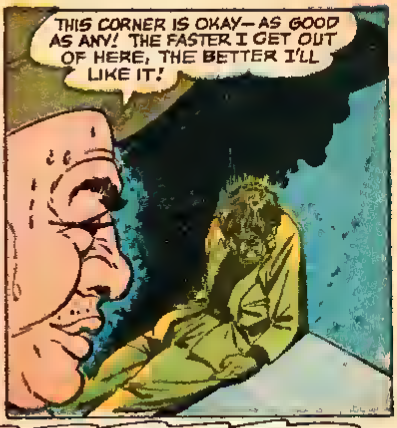
COULD ANYONE HAVE HEARD US? THOSE SCREAMS OF HIS! I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST AND DUMP THE BODY! THEN TO PICK UP ALL THE CARNY DOUGH AND CLEAR OUT!

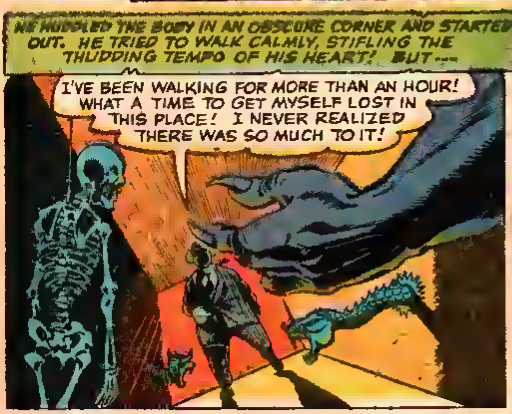
THE MOON WAS LIKE AN EERIE YELLOW MASK IN THE BLACK SKY AS FLEECE DRAGGED THE BODY ACROSS THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS. THEN ---
I--I THINK I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!

GOT TO GET OUT OF SIGHT-- FAST! THIS OUGHT TO DO IT!
GRAZY HOUSE

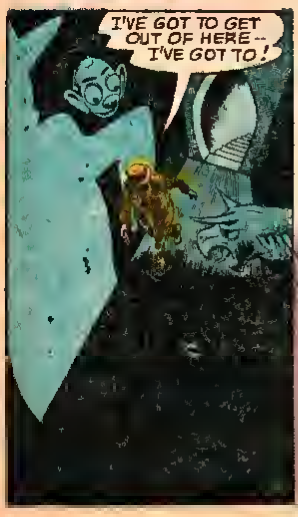
I'LL DUMP THE BODY IN ONE OF THESE MAZES! BY THE TIME IT'S PICKED UP-- I'LL BE OUT OF THE STATE!


HE DRAGGED THE LIFELESS FIGURE OF KAFACHO LIKE SOME BROKEN, LIMP-LIMBED DOLL, SHIELDING HIS EYES FROM THE REFLECTED IMAGES ON THE WALL AND ABOVE HIM, MULTIPLIED TO INFINITY BY THE MIRRORED GLASS.
TH-THIS PLACE IS ENOUGH TO DRIVE ANYONE CRAZY! CAN'T FIGURE ANYONE PAYING MONEY TO GET INTO THIS PLACE!


THIS CORNER IS OKAY--AS GOOD AS ANY! THE FASTER I GET OUT OF HERE, THE BETTER I'LL LIKE IT!


HE HUDDLED THE BODY IN AN OBSCURE CORNER AND STARTED OUT. HE TRIED TO WALK CALMLY, STIFLING THE THUDDING TEMPO OF HIS HEART. BUT---
I'VE BEEN WALKING FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR! WHAT A TIME TO GET MYSELF LOST IN THIS PLACE! I NEVER REALIZED THERE WAS SO MUCH TO IT!

A WONDER ANYONE EVER FINDS HIS WAY OUT OF THIS THING AT ALL! W-WHAT'S THAT? FOOTSTEPS! SOMEONE WALKING AROUND IN HERE!


I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE--I'VE GOT TO!

GRIPPED BY FEAR OF DISCOVERY, HE STARTED RUNNING, HIS HUGE, PONDEROUS FRAME QUIVERING WITH THE EFFORT! SUDDENLY, HE TURNED A CORNER--AND THERE BEFORE HIM, ERECT AND MOVING, WAS---
---KAFACHO!

NO! I-I KILLED YOU MYSELF -- WITH MY OWN BARE HANDS---
AIEEEEEEEEEE!

A SCREAM OF TERROR TORE FROM FLEECE BARTON'S LIPS! THE PALLOR OF DEATH WAS STILL UPON KAFACHO! HIS SKIN WAS THE SICKENING HUE OF A DEAD MAN'S! KAFACHO TOUCHED HIM AND THE UNEARTHLY COLDNESS MADE HIS SKIN CRAWL!
D-DON'T COME NEAR ME! DON'T!
HE TURNED AND RAN WILDLY, WITHOUT DIRECTION OR LOGIC! BUT RELENTLESSLY ON CAME THE SLOW-SHUFFLING, STIFF-GAITED FIGURE OF KAFACHO!
I-I CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER! I'M TOO EXHAUSTED TO MOVE!
THE CARNIVAL OWNER FELL UPON THE HARD-WOOD FLOOR, SOBBING AND SIMPERING IN HIS PERSPIRING HANDS. THE FOOTSTEPS WERE CLOSER NOW, AND THEN, BONY HANDS REACHED OUT AGAIN!
I-I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT, KAFACHO! I DIDN'T MEAN TO MURDER YOU!

SPEAKING NO WORD--EVIDENCING NO EMOTION--THE LIFELESS KAFACHO DRAGGED THE TERROR-STRICKEN, HELPLESS FLEECE TO AN UNKNOWN FATE. ALL AT ONCE, THE HANDS RELEASED HIM! HE LAY UPON THE FLOOR --DETECTING NO AUDIBLE SOUND BUT THE FEVERISH THROB OF HIS OWN PULSES!
W-WHERE AM I? EVERYTHING IS SO BLACK! IF MY EYES WOULD ONLY BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO THE DARKNESS!
MAYBE I'M OUT IN THE FIELDS BESIDE THE CARNY--AND I CAN GET UP AND ESCAPE!
BUT--OHHH! NO! AIEEEEEE!
THE SIGHT WAS ONE NEVER WITNESSED BY MORTAL EYES! FEAR TOTALLY IMMOBILIZED FLEECE BARTON! TWELVE GROTESQUE HEADS AND FACES LEERED AT HIM OUT OF THE DARKNESS --WEIRD, LUMINOUS, NERVE-SHATTERING!
ALL VICTIMS OF VIOLENCE--EVEN AS I!
THE FIGURES FROM THE WAX MUSEUM! ALIVE! MOVING!

THIS IS MY TORMENTOR —MY MURDERER!
W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
PROCEED WITH THE CASE!
YOU ARE GOING TO TRY ME! OH, NO! Y-YOU HAVE NO RIGHT! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT! RELEASE ME!
THE VOICE OF DOOM SPOKE ALOUD, AND DAZED AND INCREDULOUS BARTON STARED AT THE COMMANDEERING BLACK-HOODED FIGURE WITH NO FACE!
Y-YOU CAN'T HARM ME! YOU ARE ONLY WAX--! THERE--! I KNEW IT! THIS'LL FINISH YOU!
WE ARE ALL EFFIGIES OF THE DEAD! THE RAVAGED AND OFFENDED DEAD! WE CLAIM A JUST VENGEANCE FOR THE DOER OF EVIL!
WE ARE GREATER THAN LIFE AND DEATH!
MURDERER!
THEY CLOSED AROUND HIM, IN A TIGHT, INEXORABLE CIRCLE--COMING CLOSER--CLOSER--CLOSER!
I-I'M TRAPPED! I CAN'T GET OUT!

WE NEED DELAY NO LONGER! THE FACTS, KAFACHO! --THE FACTS!
IF I ONLY HAD SOME WEAPON --- SOMETHING TO USE AGAINST THEM! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING! OH--- THESE MATCHES IN MY POCKET! YES--FIRE WOULD DESTROY THEM!
HIS MIND DRIVEN TO THE LAST OF ITS RESOURCES, FLEECE BARTON REACTED WITH AN ANIMAL CUNNING! HE SCRAPED A LIGHT! A SINGLE, INSIDIOUS SPARK BURST INTO A FLARING FLAME!
HE BOTHERED AND THREATENED ME A DOZEN TIMES! MOVE OUT--HE ORDERED ME! BUT I WOULD NOT!---AND THIS EVENING ---!
FIRE! DON'T YOU SEE IT? --FIRE!
Y-YOU'RE MELTING--DISSOLVING! IF YOU DON'T MOVE TO PUT OUT THE FLAMES, IT WILL BE YOUR END! ---BREAK THE CIRCLE! BREAK IT!
HE IS --- GUILTY!
GUILTY!
GUILTY!

M-MY FEET! I-I CAN'T MOVE THEM! THE MELTING WAX IS HOLDING ME FAST!
---HERE IS THE NOOSE!
NO! NO!
LET ME GO! IF-IF I CAN ONLY HOLD OUT A LITTLE LONGER--- THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT OF THEM!
BUT THE NOOSE DESCENDED--AND THE NOOSE TIGHTENED! AND FLEECE BARTON'S CRIES OF ANGUISH ONLY SOUNDED HOLLOWLY IN HIS OWN EARS!
DEATH EVERLASTING TO THE MURDERER! HANG HIM!
ARGHHH!
AND IN THE QUIET THREAD OF DAWN--THERE WAS NO INDICATION OF VIOLENCE, NO HINT OF THE WEIRD EVENT THAT HAD TRANSPIRED! BUT IN THE WAX MUSEUM--THERE WAS EVIDENCE OF WHAT HAD BEFALLEN! TWO WAX FIGURES--KAFACHO, THE HANGMAN! BARTON, THE VICTIM!

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